Vol. III. Numb. 22.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by ſome of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the Firſt and Second VOLUME, with the Aſſiſtance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Monday May 15th. to Wedneſday May 17th. 1710.

Q. GENTLEMEN, *I have lately Read ſome of your* Apollo's *to Satisfaction, your Thoughts of* Mandevel *and* Reynard the Fox, *and ſome other Books, I lik'd. Pray, your Opinion of a Paſſage in the* Bible. *It's,* Jacob have I loved, and Eſau have I hated. *In a Book Intituled,* An Eſſay for a New Tranſlation of the Bible, *that Ingenious and Learned Author ſays, that it is not rightly Tranſlated, and that it ſhould be,* Jacob have I loved, and Eſau have I not loved ſo well. *It ſeems to me a matter of great Importance to be rightly Informed in this matter, by Reaſon of Unconditional Reprobation, ſome Men ground on this Paſſage. I beg your Opinion.*

Your Admirer, G. F.

A. Knowing that Dr. *Gell* had Publiſhed a Book under the ſame Title, we conſulted it, but found no ſuch thing aſſerted by him, and therefore we ſuppoſe you mean ſome other Author. But whoever it is, there is certainly no Grounds for this Aſſertion. The *Hebrew* Word is *Sanethi* which every where ſignifies *I have hated*; nor is it ever taken in any other Senſe, nor otherwiſe rendred by the LXXII, *The Chaldee Paraphraſt*, the *Vulgar Latin*, or any other Tranſlation that we have ſeen whether Ancient or Modern. St. *Paul* himſelf who quotes theſe Words from Chap. 1ſt. of *Malachi* has alſo (after the LXXII) uſed the Word Ἐμίσησα. Unleſs therefore your Author has found out ſome other Reading of this Text than has hitherto been taken Notice of, it is plain his Aſſerrion is Groundleſs. But ſhou'd we grant his New Interpretation of this Place to be more juſt than the other, we do not ſee how the Doctrin of Unconditional Reprobation is affected by it, becauſe in either of them there is a Preference or Reſpect of Perſons imploy'd, tho' not in the ſame Degree. And if we allow that an Unconditional Reſpect of Perſons in Regard to a Future State of Life can be conſiſtent with Divine Juſtice, what Reaſon can be given why the Doctrin of Unconditional Reprobation ſhou'd not be admitted alſo? Notwithſtanding it is our Opinion that theſe Words (however Interpreted) can favor neither of theſe Concluſions, as being certainly Foreign to the whole Scope of the Apoſtles Diſcourſe. But the Proof of this is not Pertinent to the Preſent Queſtion.

Q. Gentlemen, *You have continued ſome time on the Stage, you have reſolv'd many difficult Points in Divinity, and in moſt Arts and Sciences, confuted many Errors in all of them. You have Inculcated many Excellent Morals, You have expos'd many Vices and Follies, with juſt Sarcaſms Ridicul'd ſuch as Glorried in them. You have defended your ſelves againſt all Objections made to you, and always came of Triumphantly; in ſo much that we find your Undertaking approv'd of by all, except prejudic'd Perſons, Conceited Critics, who think no Notice will be took of them except they Reflect, or Fools who have no Taſt in matters of Wit and Senſe, or Perſons of Ill-lives, who cannot bear Detection. Yet for all this, where e'er I go, I meet with as many Enthuſiaſts, Athieſts, Knaves and Fools as ever. If things be thus, pray to what purpoſe have you taken all this Pains; not for Profit I am certain, for I have had the happineſs to be known to ſome of your Society, and know ſuch a Trivial Income can be of no Addition to them; nor for the Glory of Improving your Country can I ſuppoſe it, ſince as I have Remark'd, I cannot find the effect of it, and no Body wou'd take Pains for Pains-ſake; therefore pray Unriddle the Miſtery, why you ſhou'd Undertake ſuch a Laborious Province, and you will Oblige,*

Your Conſtant Admirer. T. R.

A. As to the Obſervation you make, that the World appears no Wiſer nor Honeſter, by all we have Written, it will be ſufficient to Anſwer to it, that our Number is few, a very little Number of Hands to bring in ſo great an Harveſt: But have you not obſerv'd alſo, that the Laborers in the Goſpel-Vineyard are many, and they Perſons of the greateſt Senſe, Learning and of the moſt Pious Lives in *Chriſtendom*. That the Vices and Follies of the time are continually Expos'd and Laſh'd, by the greateſt Wits of the Age, and yet, as you ſay, you

find as many Knaves and Fools, as many Wicked and Debauch'd as ever; but if Vice and Folly were not thus continually reprehended, who can ſay that they would not far more Increaſe and get a ſtronger Head; for they are ſuch Rank Weeds, and the Mind of Man ſuch an Exuberant Soil, to Entertain and Nouriſh them, that it requires much Induſtry and Pains, to prevent their getting Head and Multiplying; but if they are in ſome degree reſtrain'd, we hope we may ſhare in the Glory of the Action: yet allowing the worſt, that they are not, we ſhall receive great Satisfaction, in being Conſcious, we have endeavor'd it. We have Reaſon to hope, that moſt are of your Opinion, that we attempted not this Undertaking on a Mercenary Account, ſince by the Charge of whole Sheets (which is double to Others, both in Printing and Paper) alſo in Finer Paper, the Profit of great Numbers can be but ſmall, much leſs can any Charge us with Vanity therein, ſince we decline as much as we can, being known.

Q. *Where is* Ambergreece *found?*

A. It is found in great Quantities upon the Coaſt of *Melindia*, but more eſpecially in the Mouth of the River called *Rio de Sono.* The Governour of *Mozanbick* gets a great deal by it; yet ſometimes Parcels have been found on the Coaſts of *England.* In a former Reign, a Country-man found a conſiderable quantity of it, and Greaſed his Boots with part of it, bringing the reſt to Town, but a *Druggiſter* ſoon ſmelt it out, and (as we have been inform'd) purchaſed the whole of him for five Pounds, which put him in a way of getting an Alderman's Eſtate; tho' we believe the Greaſing of the Boots, was an addition to the Story.

Q. Gentlemen, *In my Paſſage lately from the* Eaſt-Indies, *I ſaw two ſmall Clouds, which the Sailers Inform'd me were fix'd in the Firmament, and that they were called the* Magellanic-Clouds, *being directly over the* Streights *of* Magellan, *and that one half of the Year they appear White and the other half Black. Now, I deſire to know the Reaſon of their Fixation and Change, and you will Oblige,* *Your Admirer,* A. B.

A. What by Marriners are called *Magellanic-Clouds,* are by Aſtronomers accounted Fixed Stars and as ſuch are placed at the End of the Tail of *Hydrus*, not far from the *Antartick* Pole. To the Naked Sight they appear indeed like White Clouds, and are not, as you ſay, Black in Winter, but always continue the ſame, tho' undoubtedly ſometimes obſcured by the Groſſeneſs of the Air, both in Winter and all other Seaſons of the Year. Neither are they always directly fixed over the Streights of *Magellan,* but have their Diurnal Motion like other fixed Stars, and are called *Magellanic* only becauſe they are nearly in the ſame Latitude with the Streights of *Magellan.* Their White Color is exactly like that of the *Galaxy* or Milky-Way: and being viewed with a Teleſcope, there are ſeen ſmall Stars and little Clouds, by a Congeries of which, and the confuſed Mixture of their Light, the Whiteneſs of theſe as well as of the *Galaxy* is thought to be occaſioned.

Q. *I joyn with* Apollo, *that Marriage is often made Unhappy by the Ill Conduct of the Perſons, who Study more, to match there Gold, than Tempers; but I have no Charms, and for my Humor, I am a Perfect Dulcimer. And Eſq.* Bickerſtaff, *whoſe Judgment all approve, did not think ſuch a one, worthy the moſt Inſipid of his* Muſical *Inſtruments, but left her to ſaunter mopiſhly about the* Meads *and* Groves, *to Converſe with the Pretty Inhabitants. And will* Apollo *Derogate ſo far, from him, to Adviſe the matching one he thinks a Trifle, and ſhould I Entreat you to get me a Mate, 'twould Poze you more, than Anſwering Queſtions, for I Fancy the whole Sex, would Swoon at the very Thoughts of a Dulcimer, and tell me Sincerety, if you done think 'twould be mortifying, to Live (tho' in Plenty) with ſuch a Temper'd Woman and you'll Oblige,*

Your Sincere, ECCHO.

A. As moſt of your Sex ought to be Read backward, ſo ought your ſelf, but to your advantage. Your Modeſty and Humility are the ſtrongeſt Arguments in the World, to perſuade us, you poſſeſs all thoſe Virtues Qualities and Qualifications, which you take Pains to Conceal, while the Vain and Oſtentatious, who Labor to give themſelves Airs, are void of them. Thus all your Arguments, make againſt the Cauſe you endeavor to defend.

Q. Gentlemen, *I met ſome* Gentlemen *the other Day at the* Devil-Tavern, *the Word agreed on was Number* 9, *and you know* Gentlemen, *that is the moſt Perfect Number, as being the Root of all Numbers, which puts me in mind of the variety of Acceptations the Word Numbers meet with, as Numbers in* Accounts, *Numbers in* Muſick *and in* Poetry, *yet* Poetry *ſhines in many other Beauties beſides; but of all Beauties, a Beautiful Woman has the Preference, not but that I think the moſt Beautiful Woman, is defective without Wit, for all that, Wit will not make a Perfect* Gentleman *without Manners,* for Manners makes a Man, *as the Proverb has it. And I think it is the Univerſal Opinion that a great deal of Senſe is Couch'd in Proverbs, Couch'd did I ſay!* —— *yet* —— *but I mean not in the Senſe of Couching a Cataract in the Eye, for the Eye is certainly the moſt Noble Member. 'Tis Comical to conſider that a Member, tho' but part of a Body, yet ſometimes it ſignifies a whole Body, as when we ſay a Man is a Member of ſuch a Society, which puts me in mind of the Society I met at Number* 9, *at the* Devil-Tavern. *Now,* Gentlemen, *can you ſay that this Diſcourſe tho' little to the Purpoſe, does not hang well together?*

A. That it Hangs together, it is moſt certain, and in ſo peculiar a manner, that if one link be took out, the Chain falls to pieces, not to be Mended again without the ſame Link, yet we cannot ſay it hangs *well* together, ſince it hangs much like a *Beggar's* Garment, where many Patches of different kinds are juſt Tackt together. How Ridiculous ſoever ſuch Motley Diſcourſes may appear, if we obſerve the Courſes of all Mankind, we ſhall find them all under the ſame Predicament; how few ever Wake with the ſame Thoughts they went to Bed! What different Notions of Loyalty and Paſſive Obedience do different times produce, and how do the general Inclinations of the People, like a Stream, one Year run down Hill, and another, like a Fountain, Aſcend! Nor is it poſſible a Teſt can be Univerſally agreed upon, to prove which is the *Right.* Tho' it muſt be acknowledged, Fountain Waters are the Pureſt, and the Fineſt Spirits Aſcend whilſt Groſs Fæces Sink. To what Extreams do Faſhions in Cloaths, alter; nay even Habits in Converſation, and Turns in Peoples Diſpoſitions, now Tragedy, then Comedy, and another time Farce takes the Town, thus are our whole Lives Patch'd together like your Diſcourſe, and rarely two Days continue of one Price.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. *A Friend of mine, whoſe Story's ſomething odd, Applies himſelf by me to th'* Delian God.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The

The Case is this. After hard Travelling, he came one Evening late, to a Gentleman's Country-Seat, but the House being full of Company, there was no Lodging for him, except in a reputed Haunted Room; however having no great Faith in Apparitions, he chose rather to venture meeting a Ghost, than hazard his Health by Setting up; so the Chamber being accommodated, Fire made, and Candle Lighted, to Bed he went, where, being Weary, he soundly Slept till Midnight; when the Opening of the Door Wak'd him, and he saw a thing in White enter, approach the Bed, and lay down by him, which made him not over Sweet, till hearing it Breath, he took Courage, and Stealing forth his Hand, first felt Warm Flesh, and on a Nicer Examination found it to be a Young Woman, as indeed it was the Pretty House-maid, who frequently Walk'd in her Sleep.

Streight the Hobgoblin to a Venus *turn'd,*
And his late Frozen Blood now fiercely Burn'd.
In short he Seiz'd the Damsel by Surprize,
And forc'd Enjoyment 'fore she op'd her Eyes;
Now, Sparks, I'll try your Mettle, pray declare,
Was it a Crime or not? Since I dare Swear,
Phœbus *had done the same had he been there;*
And I pronouce not Guilty,
Don SALTERE.

A. Ah *Don*, thou Subtil, Masquerading Elf,
We fear this *Friend*, was thy *worst Friend, Thy Self.*

If it be Objected whence you should borrow so much Courage, since only to be alone in the Dark without the Company of a Hobgoblin, might be a Predicament, beyond the Force of all your Virtue, to support you under; we Answer, from the *Dram Glass*, by which the *Don* might be abstracted from the *Virtuoso*. And what confirms our Opinion that it was your *very self*, is the *Unsavory Condition* you Suffer'd under, when the Fumes of the *Brandy* were Evaporated, and the Apparition advanc'd, because we cannot believe any would Stink like you in such a Case, in the strength whereof you made the Attempt. If the Pretty House-maid be *Living*, it is sufficient to clear Her Innocency, and to prove She was Asleep, for had she been Awake, you had Stunk her to Death.

So Lewd a Verdict, never *Casuist* gave,
To plead her *Sleep*, which doubly Stamps the (*Knave*,
If she had been Awake a *Feign'd Defence*,
You might have pleaded, with some shew of (Sense;
Which to a Tacit yeilding wou'd amount;
At least might pass, in such a *Knave's* account.
But this was a resolv'd, confirmed Rape,
And such as rarely will the Halter 'scape;
Nay such, we ne'er again, expect to hear,
'Till *Nature* Frames another *DON SALTERE.*

POEMS.

Q. I'*VE Lov'd* Amarillis,
For many a Day
But when I came to her,
Have nothing to say;
Yet many a Delicate
Speech I have made,
Which when all alone
I have perfectly said,
Still not in Address,
Will a Word from me pass;
But I Gape and I Stare,
And I look like an Ass;
Sometimes she will Smile,
When I pump to Harangue her,
And then I cou'd Heartily,
Heartily bang her.
My Condition Apollo,
I prithee condole,
And Teach how I may not,
Appear such an Owl.
Her Chamber-maid Grins,
And her Woman Laughs out,
And Cry 'tis great Pity,
He is such a Lout.
So dull an Amour,
Will make us quite Sick;
And then the two Fleerers,
I'm ready to Kick.
Say, Dearest Apollo,
Which way I shall enter,
Or I shall ne'er hope,
For the Marriage Indenture.

A. A Speech you Premeditate,
Ne'er will prevail;
Since Occasions they're fitted for,
Often will fail;
And tho' you're prepar'd,
Before you come at her,
An Air or a Turn will soon,
Alter the Matter.
Begin with first thing then,
Opposes your view,
Whether Glove, or a Cross,
Or a Ring, or a Shoe;
And these will supply you,
With Subjects most Sweet,
To Commend or her Neck,
Or her Hand, or her Feet;
And then Ramble on,
On what e'er happens next,
For your Silence much more,
Then your Nonsense will Vex;
It nothing Concerns,
If or not you speak Sense,
For to that a true Lover,
Has never pretence;

But if a ſet Speech,
You are ſure ſhe will Love,
For ſuch an one ſometimes,
Tho' rarely will move;
We'll teach how you may,
With a Confidence Speak it;
That their Laughing and Grins,
Shall want Power to break it:
Let a Puppy be dreſt,
With Apparel to pleaſe ye,
And Fancy't your Miſtreſs,
And that may be eaſy;
Addreſs her 'till all
Your fine things you have told her,
Then again and again,
Till by Habit your bolder;
This Cuſtom a Confidence,
Soon will confeſs;
And then to the Lady,
Attempt an Addreſs,
But all your Deſires,
You'll ſooner Obtain,
If you fancy your Miſtreſs,
A Puppy again.

☞ Any Perſon may have the *Index* to the Second Volume of the *Britiſh Apollo*, alſo whole Sets Bound or Unbound, and Single Sheets to make up Sets of the ſaid Volume, of the Men in their Walks, or of *J. Mayo*, over againſt *Water-Lane*, *Fleet-Street*.

SIR,

THE Letters from Frankfort, May the 11th. Adviſe, that the Count de Lecherain, went ſome Days ago Poſt through that Place for Genoa, where he is to Embark for Catalonia in order to Serve in that Country as Lieutenant General; That the Advices from Alſace ſay, the French Forces continue in their Contonments in that Country, but are ſuddenly to draw together in order to take the Field; that the Forces of the Empire are already Aſſembled along the Lines, where they receive daily Recruits and Reinforcements; that Count Gronsfeldt had received Advice that the Imperial Regiment of Horſe of Roccavione is actually Marching from Auſtria for the Rhine, and that the other Reinforcements promiſed by the Emperor will ſpeedily joyn the reſt of the Troops under his Command; that the Magazines of Landau and Phillipsburgh are ſufficiently provided, and that ſince the French have made great Detachments for the Netherlands, 'tis hoped, the Germans will be in a Condition to act Offenſively.

The Letters from Spithead, May the 13. Adviſe, that the Valeur, who is put into Plimouth, met with a French Man of War off of Cape la Hogue on the 30th paſt, having 115 Men on Board and Carrying 16 Guns, whom he took after a ſmall Reſiſtance and Carried her into Guernſey.

London, May the 17th. Robert Raymond Eſq. is made Sollicitor General, in the Room of Sir Robert Eyers, who is made one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's-Banch.

Which is all from Yours, &c.

Any Perſons in Town may have theſe Papers brought to their Houſes at 3*s*. *per* Quarter, by directing to Mr. *Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, Mr. *Bickerton*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little-Britain*, or to the Printer hereof, ſuperſcrib'd to the *Britiſh Apollo*. N. B. All that begin within the Quarter to pay on Quarter-day a Penny for each Paper they have had. All Queſtions to be directed in like manner, but none will be anſwer'd out of the Country, where Poſtage is not paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *W. Jones*, at *Newington-Butts*, aged 20, born blind, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Robert Wedell*, in *Fiſhmonger's-Hoſpital*, *Newington*, aged 70 reſtored to Sight in 2 Minutes. *Mary Dearing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goſwell Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Will Dixon*, in *Chelſea-College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 Minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron-Hill*, blind by Obſtruction of the *Optick Nerves*, reſtor'd to Sight in a little time. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell-Street*. *Saywell Luthen*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal-Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Croſs-keys* Tavern lower-end of St. *Martin's-Lane Strand*. Mr. *Godby*, Porter, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-Street*. *NOTE*, Theſe Perſons with 45 others have been all cur'd by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant* ſince *Sept.* 1708.

Juſt Publiſh'd.

THE 2d Edition of Mr. *Hill*'s Hiſtory of the Ottoman Empire in all it's Branches, in Folio, with the Government, Policy, Religion, Cuſtoms and way of Living of the Turks in general, Illuſtrated with ſeveral Copper Cuts on each Material Head, and ſeveral Copies of Verſes in Praiſe of the Author and Book, written by ſome of the moſt Ingenious Men of the Age, Printed in the ſame Letter and on as good Paper as the 1ſt Edition, The Printer having the Propriety of this Edition, and the Charges being leſſen'd by the Cuts already Ingrav'd, all Gentlemen may have them at 12*s*. *per* Book, Guilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, of J. Mayo, ONLY, over againſt Water-lane, Fleet-ſtreet.

Licentia Poetica diſcuſs'd: Or, the True Teſt of Poetry. Without which it is Impoſſible to *Judge of*, or *Compoſe*, A Correct Engliſh *Poem*: To which are added, *Critical Obſervations* on the Principal, Ancient and Modern Poets, viz. *Homer*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Waller*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, &c. as frequently liable to Juſt Cenſure. With ſome Remarks alſo on my Lord Duke of *Marlborough*'s and Maj. Gen. *Stanhope*'s Letters Commendatory of the Earl of *Peterborow*'s Valor and Conduct in *Spain*, as the occaſional Ground for an Excellent Epic. Poem. *London*; Printed for *William Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Churchyard*, 1709.

LONDON: Printed for, and Sold by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs* againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-Street*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.